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## Dr Dre "Still D.R.E.-Feat. Snoop Dogg"

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Yeah nigga, I'm still fuckin' with ya Still waters run deep Still Snoop Dogg and D-R-E, '99 Nigga (Guess who's back?) Still, still doing that shit, Andre? Oh for sho', check me out

It's still Dre Day nigga, A.K. nigga Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot 'Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block

Ladies, they pay homage but haters say Dre fell off How nigga? My last album was "The Chronic" They want to know if he still got it They say rap's changed, they want to know how I feel about it

If you ain't up on thangs Dr. Dre is the name, I'm ahead of my game Still, puffing my leafs, still fuck with the beats Still not loving police

Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease Still got love for the streets, repping 213 Still the beats bang, still doing my thang Since I left ain't too much changed

Still I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world

Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends

Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem He's triple platinum, doing fifty a week

Still, I stay close to the heat And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet My life's like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke till I sleep

Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat I bring the fire till you're soaking in your seat It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth It's "Turn Out the Lights" from the World Class Wreckin' Cru

I'm still at it, after-mathematics In the home of drivebys and ak-matics Swap meets, sticky green and bad traffic I dip through then I get skin, D-R-E

Still I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world

Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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It ain't nothing but more hot shit Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch Laid back in the shack, play this track

I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap

Niggas try to be the king but the ace is back

So if you ain't up on thangs Dr. Dre be the name still running the game Still got it wrapped like a mummy Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money

Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard Barbecues every day, driving fancy cars Still gon' get mine regardless

Still I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl

Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

Right back up in ya motherfucking ass '95 plus four pennies Add that shit up, D R E right back up on top of thangs Smoke some with your dog

No stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks Some of that real sticky, icky, icky Ooh, wee, put it in the air Oh, you's a fool D.R

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